LD
2791
.K41k
1862g

Class L II 2791
Book K 41 b
1862g

KENYON

CLASS 1862.

DI AGONAS KATA NIKAS.

KENYON COLLEGE.

1862

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

CLASS OF 1862.

RUSHVILLE, IND.:
REPUBLICAN BOOK AND JOB OFFICE.

1882.

LD2791
.K41
1862

Gift
College Library
Aug. 31, 1934

KENYON COLLEGE

GAMBIER, OHIO.

Pursuant to an adjournment of the Class of '62, June 28, 1872, the Class gathered in the first room to the right, of the first floor of the east wing of the old college, on the evening of June 28th, 1882, to celebrate the TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY of graduation. The Ohio boys, headed by Blake, four months before, had issued the following circular, which was sent to every man whose whereabouts could be ascertained:

CINCINNATI, O., April 20th, 1882.

DEAR CLASSMATE:

The Ohio members of the Class of "'62", in Old Kenyon, have formed themselves into a committee to arrange for a reunion, to be held in Gambier, June 28th—that being the twentieth anniversary of our graduation. It is hoped you will be able to attend. Surely it is worth an effort to look into each others faces once again, and to revive the memories of Auld Lang Syne. Come if you can; if you cannot, send your photograph and some account of yourself and your surroundings. We shall publish the proceedings of the meeting and such letters as we may receive, feeling confident that each surviving member of the old class will be delighted to have such a memento. Fraternally yours,

BADGER, BLAKE, CROWELL, CURTIS, KILBOURNE, KING.

In answer to this invitation, the following members of the class were present: Badger, Blake, Cole, Doty, Dunham, James Kilbourne, King, Napier, Postlethwaite and Wright. It is absolutely impossible to give more than a glimpse of that meeting—so hearty were the hand shakings, so sympathetic were the voices of greeting, so full were the peals of laughter as they resounded through the old college halls. We, who were there, can understand it to the full, and it will linger in the memory as one of the most pleasant reunions it has ever been our lot to enjoy.

As will be seen by the following record, this meeting had about as little formality as any meeting in our history.

Upon entering the dark and cheerless room of the east wing that night, we were strongly reminded of certain strange initiations which all of us had experienced in our college course, and we expected from the deeper darkness of the closet, that some rattling skeleton might make its appearance and extract from us certain iron clad oaths which would make us shiver from head to foot. All the old feelings of college boys were thoroughly roused, and in the spirit sometimes manifested by underclassmen, we each began a tour through the wing, determined to confiscate all such property in the way of chairs, tables and lamps upon which we could lay our hands. A few moments found us fairly settled, surrounding an old historic college table, decorated with a coal oil lamp in the centre.

Fred. Blake called the Class to order. On motion, Postlethwaite was unanimously chosen chairman, Doty secretary, and Blake corresponding secretary. By a vote of the Class, Doty was thanked for the pamphlet published ten years ago. The minutes being called for, the secretary produced the veritable secretary's book, begrimmed with age, which had upon its yellow pages the record of the meetings of the Freshman and Sophomore years. These minutes were read with great difficulty, for the side remarks of all present drew forth shouts of laughter. After the minutes were read, they were all again adopted by a ringing vote.

Then letters from the absent members of the Class were called for, and Blake, who had been the active member of the committee, brought out the file and read them. We here print the account of the Class as it has come to us, verbally and in writing:

1.—The Rev. ALEXANDER VIETS GRISWOLD ALLEN, A. M., D. D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History, in Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, Mass.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., October 10th, 1882.

MY DEAR BLAKE:

I shall always regret that I could not be present at the class-reunion last June. Postlethwaite wrote me an account of it, which made me realize a sense of loss in having missed the opportunity of taking the hands and looking in the faces of the fellows, most of whom I have not seen for twenty years.

We are all of us now in the full swing of life, bearing the burden and the heat of the day. What we are now, and are doing now, is what we were looking forward to then, as among the uncertainties which the future had in store for us. Then we were young men of promise. Now we have fulfilled the promise. We have solved the problem as to what we should turn out. We have the reality in place of the anticipation. Such, I suppose, is about the feeling one ought to have on reaching the twentieth anniversary of one's graduation. And yet, somehow, I don't feel as old as I did at twenty-one, when I had become a senior in Kenyon College.

I have been trying to think what I should have said for myself, if I had been with you. How the years condense themselves as one reviews them. After all my thinking, I can say but little for myself. As to external facts: I am married and have two children—Henry Van Dyke and John Stone, the one nine and the other seven. I live in Cambridge, where I have been for fifteen years, as Professor of Church History, in the Episcopal Theological School.

My life has not been an eventful one. So far as outward incidents go, I have been pursuing the even tenor of my way. But the twenty years have not been idle ones with me, and as I review my mental history, they have brought me great changes in thought and experience. It is one of the compensations for the flight of time, that it brings maturity to the judgment, and widens the horizon of the mental vision. And in this maturity of one's powers, in being able to see things more clearly than I once did, I find a certain satisfaction and sense of repose, which I value as among the solid gains of life.

I became convinced before I left college, that the world of religious thought was undergoing a mighty transition. I did not fully understand the nature of it then; I thought I had glimpses of a future, which were right, as far as they went. During these twenty years, I have kept my eyes fixed upon the causes which were effecting the change, and the results they were tending to produce. I have lately written two articles for the Princeton *Review*, which sum up the conclusions I have reached. I only allude to them here, because I am writing of myself, and because they will show where I stand in the confused condition of religious thought at the present

time. I will gladly send them to any of the fellows, who would like to glance over them.

I feel thankful that these twenty years have brought me a deeper faith and have gradually freed me from the skepticisms through which every man, who thinks for himself, must pass.

I wish I had more of a contribution to the Class Memorial than this feeble sketch. I look forward to its publication with the greatest interest, and I am, my dear Blake,

Fraternally Yours,

REV. A. F. BLAKE, A. V. G. ALLEN.

Secretary of the Class of 1862.

2.—The Rev. HENRY LEONARD BADGER, A. M., Rector of All Saints' Church, Portsmouth, Southern Ohio.

Since the last pamphlet, Badger has changed his base and come back into the pale of civilization. Twenty years have left but a slight imprint upon his college face. He is married, and is the father of two girls and one boy; only one little daughter is left to him, another, and his boy, have been taken away by death.

At the last meeting of the Alumni, Badger was elected a trustee of Kenyon College.

3.— EDWARD BATES.

Died in our Sophomore year.

4.—The Rev. ALFRED FARNSWORTH BLAKE, A. M., Rector of Grace Church, Avondale, Southern Ohio.

Fred. remains with his first love at Avondale (Cincinnati), Ohio. The Class, at this reunion, had the pleasure of meeting his wife and little daughter. His record is three children—two boys and one girl—all living.

Blake has been a trustee of Kenyon College for a number of years.

5.—JOHN THOMAS BOND.

ST. LEONARD'S, Calvert Co., Md., April 27th, 1882.

REV. A. F. BLAKE:

Dear Friend and Classmate—I have just received your kind invitation to be present at a reunion of our Class. Nothing would

give me greater pleasure than to meet once more with the friends of my boyhood days; to look them in the face and shake them by the hand. Though twenty years or more have passed away since we were a happy class at old Kenyon, I often think of many of my old classmates, and only with pleasant remembrances.

I very seldom ever see or hear from any. I had a very pleasant visit, about a year ago, from Swan (one of our Class), and we enjoyed ourselves talking over the days we spent at old Kenyon, of the time when the president's horse was so badly treated by some of the boys, &c., &c. Since then, oh! how many changes! We have grown to be men, scattered over every part of the land, and engaged in every avocation of life. Many, many, I fear, of our little band have reached their journey's end on earth, and required to render that account, which sooner or later, must be rendered by each one of us. At the last day, when *all* of us shall be gathered in, may we have a "re-union" as lasting as eternity and as happy as heaven can make it.

I shall strive, if possible, to be with you all, but if I should not, I want you to give me a full account of the "re-union," and say to those of our old Class who shall be there, that if there are any among them who remember me and care enough for me to write to me, that I shall be glad to hear from them, to know where they are living and what they are doing. You ask me to "give an account of myself and my surroundings." Well, nearly twenty years ago I was married. My wife and two children are my nearest and dearest "surroundings." I have a daughter nearly eighteen, and a son fifteen years of age. During the late war, or "late unpleasantness," as it is sometimes called, I was with "Stonewall Jackson" most of the time. Returning home, I settled down to family life on St. Leonard's Creek, a branch of the Patuxent River, and with the exception of having taken some part in the politics of my State, I have had a very quiet life. In 1868 I was elected as judge of the Orphans' Court; in '71 to the House of Delegates and in '79 I was elected State senator. I was also elected as one of the State delegates to the Cincinnati convention that nominated Gen. Hancock as the Democratic candidate for President, and if I had known you were living in Cincinnati I should have tried very hard to have found you.

I have been away from home for the past three months or more, in Annapolis, attending a meeting of the legislature of the State,

and find my presence very much needed at home at this time. If I can so arrange matters, as I hope to do, I shall try to make it a point to be with you all once more. In the meantime, write to me, and let me know if you have a family. Where is Badger? Give me all the news you know will be interesting to an old friend. Where is your cousin, Miss Blake, of Mass.? You know I used to think I could hardly live without her. I have heard that Badger married another old love of mine—Miss Brooks, of Gambier. I was constantly in love with some dear girl—it only shows I had a tender heart.

With best wishes for your happiness and prosperity.

Your friend,

JOHN THOMAS BOND.

6.—JOHN JAMES BOND.

Not heard from.

7.—HENRY MARTYN BRONSON.

Not heard from.

8.—The Rev. JAMES ALEXANDER BROWN, A. M.

We have had no tidings from Brown, except that after leaving Cayuga, N. Y., he went to Waverly, N. Y., where he remained a few years and was very successful in the work of his ministry. From there he moved to Avon Springs (N. Y.), where he remained rector of Zion Church for nearly two years. Owing to the advanced age and consequent growing feebleness of his father, he went home and became the rector of St. Thomas Church, Verona, Diocese of Pittsburg, where he now is. Our last accounts give his family a wife and little daughter.

9.—Capt. ULYSSES DAVID COLE, A. M.

Cole was two years in the war, entering in 1862, upon graduating, passing a year, and again a year at the close of the war. He entered as a private in the 86th and 174th O. V. I. He is now a lawyer and editor of the *Republican*, established as the *Whig* in 1840, at Rushville, Indiana. To him the Class is greatly indebted for the gratuitous printing of this memorial book.

Cole was a member of the Indiana legislature in 1877, has been twice married, has two children, boy and girl—the latter survives the former. Cole has been prosperous in his business.

10.—FRANK CUNNINGHAM CRAWFORD.

Not heard from. Lives in Terre Haute, Ind.

11.—JOHN CROWELL.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, May 9th, 1882.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND CLASSMATE:

I found your communication of the 20th ult. upon my return from Washington, last Saturday. I am very glad you have taken this matter of our class re-union in hand, and have no doubt it will be eminently successful. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to be present upon the occasion named, and I shall certainly be there if it is possible. I am away from home about half of the time, taking testimony, &c., &c., in patent causes, and it is impossible for me to say—so far ahead—just where I may be on the day named. But if it is among the possibilities I shall be at Gambier. Whenever you come this way don't fail to call and see me. It would give me great pleasure to have you, or any of my old classmates stretch their legs under my dining table, and meet my wife and five chickens seated there at.

Very truly yours,

JOHN CROWELL, Jr.,

City Hall, Cleveland, Ohio.

P. S. Should be glad to hear from you at any time.

The following despatch was received to the great regret of all present:

CLEVELAND, O., June 27, 1882.

TO REV. A. F. BLAKE, Gambier, Ohio.

Until to-night had expected to be with you to-morrow. On account of business engagements it is impossible. Please present my regards and assurances of affection to all members present.

JOHN CROWELL.

12.—HENRY LAMBTON CURTIS, A. M.

While Curtis did not put in an appearance at the meeting of the Class, he was at the commencement exercises on the following day, and regretted that he could not accept Mrs. Blake's warm invitation to dine with the Class. He had with him his father, whom we all remember so well, and two beautiful little girls who called Curtis papa. But alas! an elegant memorial volume lies before the

secretary at the moment of writing. which gives an account of the life and death of his greatly beloved wife.

After reaching home I wrote Curtis for any records of the Class, particularly of the rebellion, which he might have in his possession, and which would be of interest were they embodied in this volume. The following letter is in answer to the secretary:

You speak of the historical record you wish to get up, and ask me for any items of interest I may have written down or preserved, relating to our Class. I kept a kind of a diary during our freshman year, but did not continue it further. The "great rebellion" took place in our sophomore year, so I have no account of it. When I spoke to you at Gambier, I thought I had, but come to hunt up my old journal I discover it only covers the freshman year, and is mostly of a private character. You remember there was not much of interest occurred in that year. The remarkable freaks and characteristics of the class began to develop themselves in our sophomore year. I think there is nothing in my journal, covering the ground it does, that would be of any use to you. The Class list and its division, &c., of course you have. The Class entered 45, and in a few weeks increased by the admission of a few others. Grannis entered the Class Nov. 11, 1858, but of course many dropped out during the year.

Thanking you, my dear Doty, for your kind remembrance, and hoping I may see you again in many years,

I remain your friend truly,

HENRY L. CURTIS.

13.—The Rev. JOHN ANDREW DOORIS, A. M.,

Has a wife, one daughter, and three sons. The following postal card is all we have heard from him personally:

814 Division St., Evansville, Ind., May 5, 1882.

Dear Classmates:

Your favor with the names of several of the old Class of '62, was forwarded and received. If I can see my way clear to be present at the time mentioned, will gladly do so. Hope that a large number will be present and a good time enjoyed by all.

With the regards of "Auld Lang Syne,"

Yours, etc.,

JNO. A. DOORIS.

After leaving Rouseville, Pa., he became Missionary at Ovid, Seneca county, New York, and while there, was also a most successful chaplain of Willard Asylum for the Insane. From here he went to Westfield, New York, and became the Rector of St. Peter's Church. Here, he built a commodious rectory and greatly improved the church property; but shortly, Logansport, Ind., claimed him, and after a good record there, he became Rector of the Church of the Holy Innocents, Evansville, Ind., where he now is.

14.—The Rev. WILLIAM D'ORVILLE DOTY, A. M.,

Has a wife and six children—three boys and three girls—two of the boys have entered into life eternal.

Our last publication found him Rector of Paul's Church, Waterloo, New York, where he remained nearly seven years, during a year of which time he was a successor to John A. Dooris as, Chaplain of Willard Asylum, which, with an assistant minister, he carried on besides two Missionary stations, as well as the Parish Church at Waterloo. Four years and a half ago, he was called to be the Rector of Christ Church, Rochester, New York, where he now resides. His latch string is always out to any member of "ye Class."

15.—The Rev. SOLOMON FRANK DUNHAM, A. M.,

Is Rector of St. Stephen's Church, Terre Haute, Ind., is a Trustee of Kenyon College from the Diocese of Indiana, "is single," and says he is "happy." He probably is as happy as an unmarried man can be.

16.—GEORGE ERNST, A. B.

Nothing heard from him.

17.—The Rev. WM. HEATHCOATE DeLANCEY GRANNIS, A. M.

On Saturday, January 8th, 1881, Grannis died at the residence of his brother-in-law, near Havana. He had gone to Cuba for the benefit of his health, and after a sojourn of about two months, had entirely recovered. On the very eve of his departure homeward, he was stricken down with malignant small-pox, which, in a few days, caused his death.

In the *Kenyon Advance* of February, 1881, may be found, from the pen of a classmate, an appropriate summing up of the life of this noble man, We will here insert from the local paper of the town in which he lived, the announcement of his death and the unfeigned grief of the whole town at his sudden demise:

OBITUARY.—REV. WM. H. DEL. GRANNIS.—We deeply regret to announce to our readers the death of the Rev. Wm. DeL. Grannis, the late well-known parish Priest and Rector of St. Jame's Church, Goshen, who died at Havana, Cuba, on January 7th. When the melancholy intelligence was first received, through the newspapers, it was hoped that the announcement there made might prove to be erroneous, but a cablegram from the family in Havana, has now dispelled that hope.

The death of Mr. Grannis will be deeply felt, not only by his parishioners and family, but by his many personal friends in this and other communities. He was a man of unusual amiability of character, warm-hearted, sympathetic, and devoted in his friendship. To the sick and afflicted, his ministrations were unspeakably consoling; and both his ear and his hand were always open to the appeals of the poor and distressed. There are few in this community who will not remember the warm clasp of his hand, the sympathizing voice, and the consoling words he has spoken in times of affliction; nor will they fail now in substantial expressions of sympathy with his deeply afflicted family. Those who remember him as a friend of the widow and fatherless, will now have an opportunity to imitate his benevolent example, by extending their aid to his bereaved wife and children.

Mr. Grannis was devotedly attached to the church of which he was a priest, but was a man of catholic and liberal views. He was firmly fixed in his ecclesiastical and theological opinions, but never obtruded them upon others, save in the discharge of his duty as a clergyman. His Christianity was of an eminently practical kind, and his earnest and unaffected piety was well known by all his most intimate friends. He was not loud in professions of superior holiness, bnt was content to show his faith by his works.

While rector of the parish at Hamilton, N. Y., he became inoculated with the poisons of malaria, and during the thirteen years of his residence in Goshen, suffered continually from that insiduous disease. For nearly a year past its hold upon his system

became more and more tenacious, and he was finally obliged to abandon his work for a time, and, with a view of regaining his lost health, visited Cuba. He had been in Havana for about two months, during which time his dangerous symptoms abated, and he had so far recovered as to intend sailing for home on the 6th of January. Letters, written in excellent spirits, and announcing his projected return, were received by his friends here on Friday, and on Sunday morning the sad news of his sudden death reached them.

The greater part of his professional life was passed in this community, as this was his third parish. He was a collegian, and a graduate of the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church. He married a daughter of the late Dr. Green, and leaves seven children to mourn with her their irreparable loss.

An appropriate memorial service was held at St. James' Church on Sunday morning, at which a funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Maury, the present *locum tenens* of the parish. ***

18.—FRANCIS GREGG, Longford, Ireland.

Not heard from.

19.—JACOB CORWIN HANSELL.

Not heard from.

20.—JOSEPH STIBBS HARTER, A. B.

Accidently killed, while in the U. S. Army.

21.—JOHN MORELAND HENDERSON.

Not heard from. Is a lawyer in Cleveland.

22.—VIRGINIUS INGRAHAM.

Was killed by falling from the mast head of a ship in New York Harbor in '61.

23.—JULIAN WILLIAM IRWIN.

A member of the 4th O. V. I. Died of camp fever.

24.—JOHN LARZALERE JOHNSON.

Is dead.

25.—JOHN JOHNSTON, A. B.

Not heard from. Practicing Law in Chicago.

26.—LUDLOW AP JONES, A. B.

Not heard from. Practicing law in Cincinnati.

27.—RALPH KEELER, A. M.

Since our last publication, in all probability, Ralph Keeler's name is enrolled among the dead.

We take portions of dispatches and letters concerning his life and death from the New York *Tribune*, whose correspondent he was:

PROBABLE LOSS OF A TRIBUNE CORRESPONDENT.—NO TIDINGS OF MR. RALPH KEELER.—HE IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN DROWNED.

[By Telegraph to the Tribune.]

HAVANA, Dec. 26, 1873.—I have received no particulars respecting Mr. Keeler, except the fact that he was missing from the steamer on her arrival at Manzanillo. The authorities at that place have charge of his effects, and will send them to me.

H. C. HALL, U. S. Consul General.

[By Telegraph to the Tribune.]

HAVANA, Dec. 26.—One of your correspondents, Mr. Ralph Keeler, is supposed to have been lost overboard from the Spanish mail steamer on the voyage from Santiago to Batabano. Nothing is known of his fate with certainty, except that he embarked at Santiago and was missing when the steamer stopped at Manzanillo, his baggage being left on board. Inquiries are making.

[General Press Dispatch.]

HANANA, Dec. 26.—Ralph Keeler, a special correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, mysteriously disappeared from the steamer Cienfuegos on the passage from Santiago de Cuba to Manzanillo, and nothing has since been heard of him. His baggage was on

board the steamer on her arrival at Manzanillo, and was delivered by the captain to the United States Consul there. Consul-General Hall and the Havana agent of the Associated Press have inquired by telegraph and mail in all directions for the missing man, but without result. It was at first supposed that Mr. Keeler had been left behind accidentally at Santiago; but another steamer arrived to-day from that port without bringing any tidings as to his whereabouts. It is now feared that he fell overboard from the Cienfuegos.

NO DOUBT OF MR. RALPH KEELER'S DEATH.

HAVANA, Jan. 6.—The death of Mr. Ralph Keeler, the missing correspondent, is now beyond a doubt.

We find in the *Tribune* three letters from classmates Shanklin, Brown, and Grannis. Each present Ralph's character very accurately, and each is an appropriate obituary. We make the following selections from Shanklin's letter:

To the Editor of the Tribune.

SIR: It is some time now since the news of the sad fate of Ralph Keeler reached the ear of the public, and so much has been written about him, his habits, and adventures, that it seems almost superfluous at this late day to add a word. Little has been said, however, in the published accounts of his life, of his residence, as a student, at Kenyon College. The writer, who was a classmate of Keeler's during the years of 1859-60 and 61, has been surprised at this omission—a feeling that has doubtless been shared by members of the splendid Class of '62 all over the land. I would not use this rather superlative epithet to describe the class of which I was myself a member, were it not for the fact that the peculiar merits of that class were and are proverbial, many of its traditions having passed into the legendary history of "Old Kenyon." In short, and not to dwell upon a fact that students who were there in those years will all readily acknowledge, to have been a member of the Class of '62 was an honor that was at once the pride of its possessors, and the envy of all outsiders. No one was more alive to these facts during these memorable years than Ralph Keeler, who, with George Mann, Frank Crawford, and Oliver Perry, used to make things particularly jolly for the rest of us. Who of that merry crowd will have forgotten the ineffable blushes that used to suffuse old Prof. T——'s cheeks, and even ascend to his shiny bald head, in the effort

to suppress the conflicting emotions that the frequent sallies of these rouges would excite? "Mr. Mann, Mr. Mann, have you no regard for decorum at all?" in his cultivated Irish brogue which he brought with him from Trinity College, Dublin; or, "Mr. Keeler, dear, it's easy seeing what will become of you," in half chiding, half amusing tone of voice, and not meaning in the least to be prophetic. Who will have forgotten the thousand such incidents that helped to make up the variety of those happy days?

* * * * * * * *

Ralph Keeler was, of course, a general favorite in his class. I cannot say that he was distinguished for superior scholarship outside of the English branches, though his standing was always fair, except, perhaps, in mathematics. He disliked the thraldom of exact principles, and used to say contemptuously that it required the same kind of genius to master mathematics that was necessary to invent apple-parers and new-fashioned clothes-pins. His favorite poet, in those days, was Tom Moore, from whom he used to quote by the hour; but that should not be set down against him, for he doubtless outgrew a preference that is characteristic of a certain age. There used to be a peculiar kind of rhythmic measure in his conversation that expressed itself at times even in his humorous moods, and added greatly to their effect. He was adventurous—physically as well as intellectually—and possessed a degree of courage which was surprising, when shown, to those who judged the inner man by his complaisant, amiable exterior.

* * * * * * * *

Ralph Keeler's ambition always was to be known in the world of letters. Every other motive of his life was subordinate to this one, and he allowed it to interfere, on occasions, with his worldly interests. He never lost sight of his object during his college life, and his career since proves that he never did afterward. I am certain that he wasted many hours that should have been devoted to text-books in vain longings after the bubble that his hand had scarcely grasped when the dark waters embraced him forever. He was not naturally a ready writer, but by constant practice had become a decidedly correct, if not an elegant one. A good vein of humor is, perhaps, the most valuable gift a newspaper writer, for our day, can possess, and this he had in a very marked degree. One of the most singular facts connected with him was, that while his

idea of time was perfect, he had not the smallest conception of what constituted melody. He could dance, but to save his life he could not turn a tune.

Ralph Keeler's disposition and manners were such as to make him generally liked, though he never coveted social popularity. Among his intimate friends—those to whom in sympathetic moments he used to unbosom himself—he was exceedingly congenial, enlivening the circle with cheery and humorous accounts of those adventures that seemed to have commenced with his birth. The recollection of those hours has often occurred to me during the years that have passed since we shook hands at the college door; but we never met again. Ralph Keeler's name, however, has a favorite sound that will ever awaken pleasant memories in the hearts of those who knew him well. J. G. SHANKLIN.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Jan. 19, 1874.

I do not think that a single member of the Class would uphold me in keeping the two following letters all to myself. They are the last received from the dear fellow, whose memory will always be a legacy to the Class of '62. They are therefore given, as written to our class-family and circle:

223 W. 12th Street, NEW YORK, March 7, 1873.

MY DEAR D'ORVILLE:

Your letter of Dec. 4th, 1872, has just reached me. My publishers didn't know where I was, so they kept it till I got so far back upon my "native heath" as New York. They have not sent me the pamphlet or the history of the Class you mention, and I much fear both have been lost. I can think of no literature, just now, that I would peruse with such interest. Will you not, like a good fellow, as you always were, send me another copy of the pamphlet and of the book?

I imagine from your letter that you have been printing mine. It is a fate that was not dreamed of for it, when it was concocted; but if it has soothed one furrow from the brow of age, or preserved the life of any child of any classmate of mine, my modest hopes (after the conventional phraseology of prefaces) will have been more than realized.

I will lay your liberal offer of wedding fees before my intended when she comes up from the South. We expect her this spring or

summer. I hope that your wife's health is wholly restored. I hope, too, that you can both come on to the marriage—whenever that occurs. It would seem so friendly to hear our respective wives gossipping amicably together, abusing their neighbors and things, wouldn't it?

Ulysses D. Cole was here the other day, on his wedding tour. He sent me notice of his coming, but, for some odd reason, sent it in care of Harper Brothers, and the result was that I got it on the day he left—too late to see him. Well, well, we must have another class-meeting sometime, and then we'll all "fight our battles over again." Sincerely your friend,

RALPH KEELER.

223 W. 12th St., N. Y., March 20, 1873.

My Dear D'Orville:

Your letter and the Class pamphlet came to hand a few days ago. They were both full of the old wine of our new, young lives. How irresistibly good and funny George Shanklin was! Do you notice that we all ask in our letters for an account of what was done at the Class meeting? That is certainly justification enough for the printing. But if you have really multiplied by two hundred the real solid, boiled-down joy in yonr book that I have, you have done more than any other living author of my acquaintance. "Much thanks, my lord, for your venison," therefore—your literary venison. It had a gamy flavor to it that has passed out of later art; a memory of the old hunting-grounds where we chased the hours and Greek roots and things. What's the use of saying or thinking that they will never come again? Who wants them to come again? It is, after all, the *meminisse* that *juvabits*, and it's only the pleasant things, too, that we *do* remember—certainly not, the Greek roots, for ¡nstance.

As to your prodigal veal—I don't like veal; but I should like ever so much to go and see you and your wife and little ones. And I shall do what Mrs. Dombey was called upon to do, under perhaps more trying circumstances—I should "make an effort." We are to have a sort of family meeting out West this spring or summer, and when I go to that, I shall try to go to you *en route*. I am pretty busy here just now, and must go to Boston as soon as I get through, and after that the Western travels, of which you shall have due warning.

When I spoke to Mr. Clapp, at Dutton's, of you, he said you are a good fellow. From the earnestness with which you recommend marriage to one outside the mysterious circle, and from others in direct causes, I am led to think that your wife is a "good fellow" too. And thus I subscribe to what I have said.

Very Sincerely,

RALPH KEELER.

After calling up to our minds the many excellent traits of Ralph Keeler, and perusing these last lines from his pen, every member of our Class can join in the sentiment with which Grannis (now, also, alas! numbered with the dead) closed his letter in the *Tribune:*

"Poor Ralph, peace to thee in thy watery grave! American boyhood learns a lesson in adversity from thy brief, but successful life—cheerful, exalted above repining. G.

GOSHEN, January 10, 1874."

28.—THEODORE HARVEY KELLOGG, A. B., M. D.

48 West 36th Street, New York.

DEAR CLASSMATE:

Your favor, inviting me to be present at the re-union of the Class of '62. has revived many pleasant memories.

It is possible I may make one of the happy number that will then and there live over the good old times, but as yet, I can make no promise, lest I should fail to keep it.

If I should not be there, I can tell you my story in a few words, and, perhaps, I had better write it in a line at once, so that you can answer any inquiry in my absence. I studied medicine four years in Europe, and the rest of the time I have practiced medicine in New York City, at one time as Physician in Charge of New York City Asylum for the Insane, and at present, in private practice at the address above given.

Any member of the Class of '62, visiting the city, will find the "latch string" out. A cordial greeting to classmates, one and all, from

Yours Fraternally,

REV. A. F. BLAKE. THEO. H. KELLOGG.

29.—COL. JAMES KILBOURNE, A. B., L. L. B.

Kilbourne was not only present at the Class re-union, but he brought with him his wife and two boys. He has three boys and one girl. His first ten year's record has already been printed. He is now President and General Manager of the Kilbourne & Jacobs Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.

30.—BYRON HECTOR KILBOURNE.

Not heard from. Said to be in Milwaukee. Head of quite a family and Warden of a church.

31.—CHARLES KING, A. M., M. D.

Present at reunion. Practicing medicine in Newark, Ohio; married and has had four children, two girls are living, a girl and boy are dead.

32.—ARTHUR McGILL KINZIE.

Not heard from. Lives in Chicago.

33.—EDWARD AUGUSTUS KITZMILLER.

Not heard from. Lives in Pittsburgh.

34.—THE REV. NA YOONG KIUNG, A. M.,

Minister in China. Has a son now in Kenyon College.

35.—EDWARD E. LAW.

The following postal is all that has been received from Ed:

EVANSVILLE, Ind., April 24, 1882.

DEAR SIR:

The invitation to be present at Kenyon on the 28th of June, at a meeting of the Class of '62, is received. As I have not visited Kenyon since leaving there, nothing would afford me greater pleasure, and will try and do so. If, however, I should be unable to attend, will furnish brief sketch as requested.

Fraternally Yours,

EDWARD E. LAW.

If he could only have known, that upon motion of Rectus, three groans were heartily given for a certain tutor whom Ed. had occas-

Mrs A.F. Blake

Royal Balcom

A.V.G. Allen

~~U.D. Cole~~

Mrs Alfed Blake, Sr.

J.A Dooris

Miss Bessie Blake

H.L. Curtis

U.D. Cole

G.B. Pratt

ion to remember without much affection, he would undoubtedly have been present.

36.—DANIEL LINDER.

The only tidings we could get concerning Linder, was the one fact that he had stabbed himself, because his girl had jilted him. We hope this is not so, and that he is still in the land of the living.

37.—HON. GEORGE E. MANN.

Soon after the tenth meeting of our Class, I wrote to George, and received the following reply:

GALVESTON, Texas, October 14, 1872.

MY DEAR DOTY:

I had never heard of you since '61, except indirectly and vaguely, till I received your letter of last summer, telling of re-union of Class of '62, which reached me too late to get there.

I wrote to you at once to Gambier, and have had hopes you received it and would write and tell me all about yourself, and also give me the Kenyon news. I have been in Texas and at this point five years practicing law. Present success and future prospects good, and like my new home and my profession. Have settled down and am a steady-going church warden. Am not married and not a candidate for matrimony.

I came to this burg an entire stranger, dead broke by the war, and at the end of three years and a half was made, by unanimous choice of our bar of seventy odd members, Judge of this the most important district in the State. So you can imagine I've been rather hard at work. Just at present my partner is in New York on business, and I am doing double duty.

I am out of the reach of all Kenyonites, and hear nothing of or from them. Give me a full account of yourself and all the news.

Truly, as of old, your friend,

P. O. Box 1149. GEO. E. MANN.

It seems from the following, clipping under date of April 21, 1876, that George concluded to change his mind upon the matrimonial question:

SCOTT—MANN.

An event which, owing to the prominence of the contracting parties, has created considerable interest in our first social circles, took place quietly, last night, at the residence of Major M. C. McLemore, Sixteenth street and Avenue K., Rev. S. M. Bird officiating. The persons joined in wedlock were Judge George E. Mann and Mrs. Scott. It is learned that but a few intimate friends were present.

We append a letter from George, received in June, by Napier:

GALVESTON, Tex., June 13, 1882.

DEAR ALLEN:

I should like to be at Gambier on the 28th, but it is impossible, as my partner is away for the summer.

If you get there, give salutations and regards to all the old boys, and tell them to think of me when they talk over the old times of ye Class of '62; and specially of the Class rebellion; of the gander pulling; of the Class triangle—Kinzie, Law and Mann; of the time Oronhyatekha played Prof. Smith and ran Rinespringer and myself out of the orchard, and I beat the Indian running; of the faculty meeting, when I was asked by Prex how long I had been in the habit of throwing wood down the steps when I heard the tutor coming up at odd hours, and I replied, it did not amount to a habit, and was only an occasional exercise.

Well, I was here interrupted, and must abruptly close, with best regards. Truly Your Friend,

G. E. MANN.

38.—GEORGE GORDON MAXWELL, M. D.

No further tidings, except that he is dead.

39.—CHARLES STEWART MEDARY.

Lives in Columbus, Ohio.

40.—JOHN DOWNING MURPHY.

Not heard from.

41.—ALLAN NAPIER, A. M.

Was present, as will be observed in the photograph. Charley King gave an endless amount of amusement in ordering the artist to "be very sure and get Nape's 'Burnsides' in." I think the following characteristic letter from Napier, should not be left out:

NEW YORK, April, 26, 1882.

TO ALLEN, BADGER, BLAKE, BROWN, CURTIS, COLE, DOORIS, DOTY, ERNEST, KILBOURNE, KING, "POSIE," PRATT, VANCE, RECTUS, ET AL. SALUTANS IN DOMINO:

Pennam meam manum meo cepi, epistolam vobis scribere. "We'll never sign that pledge." "Haette er die Wahrheit gesagt, so waere er nicht gezuechtigt worden."

Eis Gambier Ana baino. That is *Deo volente*, and if the creek don't rise, it's my present intention to come and see you face to face on or about the XXVII *die junii anno domini* 1882.

For fear that something might prevent, I wish you all a merry time. Shake hands with all. Since our last re-union, I have kept at the same business, being now located at 526 Broadway, corner Spring street. How I miss dear Grannis; he used often to call in the store. Kenyon boys are not numerous here. Geo. Put. and Wm. Hyde are living, one in Brooklyn, the other in New York.

On the 20th of June, 1877, I was married at Zion Church, Greene, N. Y., by the Rev. Albert W. Snyder, to Miss Mary Manning, of Greene. On the 22d of December, 1880, was born to us a daughter. Sarah Weeks Napier, named after her grandmother.

Whenever any of '62 boys come to New York, they must step in and see me at 526, Broadway, or during evenings at 22 Strong Place, Brooklyn. *Valete Fratres.*

ALLAN NAPIER.

42.—ORONHYATEKHA, M. D.

Not heard from. Supposed to be practicing medicine in London, Canada.

43.—CHARLES FORREST PAINE, A. B., M. D.

Besides the following letters from Charley, we know that he is married to Miss Belle Coleman:

TROY, Pa., April 28, 1882.

DEAR BLAKE:

I was exceedingly gratified to receive your kind letter. If possible, I will be at commencement in June. I am anxious to set my eyes upon you once more. I trust that the same good feeling still exists amongst the surviving members of '62 that did during our trials and tribulations.

I would rejoice to hear the varied experiences of the Class, in its fight, with the world.

With much regards, I am yours in the bonds,

TO THE REV. A. F. BLAKE. CHAS. F. PAINE.

TROY, Pa., June 15, 1882.

DEAR BLAKE:

Your kind letter was duly received, and contents noted. I regret to say that I cannot promise to be at Kenyon on the glorious occasion. My professional engagements are such, at present, that I cannot commit them to the hands of another. If possible, shall be with you.

I am very anxious to be there, as it is many years since I met a member of the Class. I have no photograph of myself at present, which I can send you. I will endeavor to send some short account of my doings since 1862. With best wishes, yours,

C. F. PAINE.

44.— DEWIT CLINTON PARSHALL, JR.

Died in 1867.

45.— OLIVER HAZARD PERRY, A. M., M. D.

Died at Hopkinsville, Ky., Feb. 17th, 1873.

After the sad news of Perry's death had reached me, I wrote to his brother, the Rev. Henry G. Perry, A. M. (Kenyon), Chicago, for certain facts pertaining to the life of Oliver, and in the course of a few weeks I received a letter from his sister, Miss Emily B. Perry, extracts from which are appended:

"Brother Oliver was born in the City of Alton, Illinois, on the 26th day of February, 1841."

"He was prepared for college at a classical school (Mr. Child's) in the City of Cleveland, Ohio, in which place my father then resided."

"He was married in Cleveland, Ohio, October 31st, 1864."

"He was graduated in medicine by the Kentucky School of Medicine, in Louisville, Ky., February, 1866; had in March, 1867 received the degree *ad eundem* from the Medical Department of the University of Louisville; also 'additional diplomas', from the above institutions, as also 'extra testimonial honorary of attendance at Long Island Hospital, N. Y.' May 17th, 1866, he accepted the position of Assistant Physician in the Western Lunatic Asylum, Hopkinsville, Ky., which position he held for two years. From there, he went to the City of New York, and after attending lectures at Long Island Hospital, N. Y., he for very near two years traveled through the Eastern, Western, and Southern States, visiting prominent asylums and hospitals, both public and private, in order to perfect himself in this particular branch—insanity—as he intended making it a specialty; but just as he was making final arrangements to open a private asylum, he was suddenly seized with hemorrhage, and from that time, which was nearly two years before his death, his health gradually, but surely failed, and though walking and riding about, was never able to attend to any kind of business. He was confined to his bed just three months, and during that time a very great sufferer."

"P. S.—I notice that I have failed to mention, that during the spring and summer of 1865, brother Oliver acted as druggist in the U. S. Hospital, at Natchez, Mississippi, in which were confined the sick and wounded of both armies—Federal and Confederate.

E. B. P."

A brother physician published a very interesting obituary notice in the Kentucky *New Era*, from which we take the following passages:

DR. OLIVER HAZARD PERRY.

Dr. Perry was truly a good man—amiable and gentle as a woman, but as true to his sense of right as the needle to the pole. He was generous to a fault, warm in affection and sincere to friends, with whom he always kept faith. He was incapable of treachery or double-dealing. Littleness, meanness, and hypocrisy, were

foreign to his nature. His intercourse with his fellows in the world, in society and every circle in which he moved, was frank, open as the day, and known to all men. He had nothing to conceal and lived in no fear of criticism. To those who differed with him, he was always respectful, and as liberal as the most exacting partisan could desire. No young man ever lived, or died, in this community, whose character had fewer faults or was more free from blemish.

No man of his age, in this country, out of public life was ever more generally known and appreciated. He had friends—warm friends—and an extensive acquaintance in almost every considerable city in the Union—Boston, New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, and San Francisco. And among hundreds, from whom we have heard, we have the same exalted opinion of his character, and the same expression of heart-felt regret and sorrow at his untimely decease.

In point of intellect, he had no superior of whom we have any knowledge. From his early boyhood to the end of his career, he was a conscientious and indefatigable student. When even in a tolerable state of health, he permitted not a single day to pass without accomplishing some desirable improvement. And in days and long weeks of illness, he devoted much of his time to the more elegant literature of the age in which he lived—not, however, at the expense of more serious interests. He was an humble and unpretending Christian—not anxious to be seen of men, but not ashamed of the Faith he had professed.

Calling to mind his extensive reading, we cannot forbear to mention an interesting fact. The works of Charles Dickens were "household words" to him. At the word of command, all the characters of this great author passed in review before him, "with the rapidity of a drama," and as if they were creations of his own. His conversation, never dull or wearisome, was, on this and kindred subjects, in the highest degree entertaining and profitable. He was naturally a man of superior judgment, and careful and high culture of his fine mind had refined and elevated his taste, until he was no mean critic. A scholar of the first order, he graduated with high honors at Kenyon College, Ohio, one of the noblest seats of learning in this country. He was also a member of several literary societies now well known to educated men all over the land. He was also a

graduate in medicine, and we never doubted his acquiring marked distinction in the practice. He had chosen a specialty—insanity—had qualified himself, with great industry, for the work, and was about ready to undertake its weighty responsibilities when prostrated by the fearful malady of which he died.

Genial and whole-souled, possessed of many happy qualities, he was ever welcome. A sparkling wit, a fine flowing humor, facetious and sprightly, he was a companion for kings! From those who knew him well, his very presence served to banish gloom and despondency. His conversation was always chaste and elegant, and he scattered flowers lavishly all about his pathway in life.

One point more to which we desire to call attention. He was connected by ties of blood with some of the greatest names that adorn our history; but he honored them as we do only, and took no credit to himself on account of the accidental relation he bore them. He felt the necessity of standing on his own merits, and he would have scorned any claim to share the honors of a kinsman, won without an effort on his own part.

That the time of his departure was near at hand, we had every reasonable assurance; but, for all that, his loss was most keenly felt. We know that he fully anticipated the change that was awaiting him, and that he was prepared to meet the King of Terrors with all the fearlessness and calm self-possession that so plainly marked his character.

His popular manners and simplicity of conduct, his kindly, sympathetic nature, and the gentleness of his disposition, made him many friends among all classes, and disarmed enmity itself.

He endured a long and painful illness with commendable patience and fortitude, and finally passed away calmly and in perfect peace to everlasting and eternal rest.

> "Leaves have their time to fall,
> And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath,
> And stars to set—but all—
> Thou hast *all seasons* for thine own, oh, Death!"

The day after the funeral service, (February 20th), the remains, in charge of his brother, Willis G. Perry, Esq., were removed to Akron, Ohio, for sepulture, on Sunday, the 23d, in the private cemetery belonging to relatives there—at their request, and that of the deceased.

46.—THE REV. WILLIAM MORTON POSTLETHWAITE, A. M.

"Posy" was present; says he is a happy married man, and the father of two boys, only one of whom is living. He hails now from the United States Military Academy, at West Point, New York, where he is Professor of Ethics and Chaplain.

47.—THE REV. GEORGE BUFFETT PRATT, A. M.

George has written a letter, which is herewith appended. He, however, forgets to say that he has two boys—only one living:

HASTINGS, Minnesota, June 24, 1882.

MY DEAR D'ORVILLE:

You have no conception what a pain it is to give away from the idea of being with you and the Class of '62, on the coming 20th anniversary. It is worse than a Lenten Sacrifice. Since your postal, saying that most of the "boys" will be there, I have ever had you in mind. Night and morn, I have pictured the scene of the old faces, gathered around some feast table, or walking up and down the old path. Then, I have conceived the scene of a grand serenade to some of the oldest families of the Hill, wherein the old songs were sung by voices which have not lost their *timber*, but have lessened up somewhat on their sweetness. Poor Oliver Perry fell off the fence serenading some of the Columbus nieces, and Sam. Clark looked daggers, even in a midnight darkness.

I should come with a guitar, if I could, and light right down among you in the happiest spirit of "ye days of yore."

I am far away now, but my momory is as green as any boy's who meets with you. The thought, that it is only once in twenty years, staggers me with the flight of time and the prospect of growing old. I have ran over the whole list of the Class, as Hoddie used to call it at "prayers," and have surmised that there is little reason why a majority should not be there.

I shall want full accounts of proceedings, and will bear my share in all expenses for printing, etc. I wonder if Hen. and Fred. remember the morn there were only five of us at recitation, when all the rest of "ye Class" were out in *open rebellion*, and we five were in *private rebellion*, but succumbed to parental authority.

Many were the tears I shed before mother, because I was tied to her apron strings; but the sequel proved we were not in such great dishonor after all. Shake hands with every soul for me, and remember my heart is for once where my love cannot follow it. Write me, and if you or any mother's son of them pass me by in traveling out in this direction, I shall never forgive you. I look for you.

Sincerely,

GEO. B. PRATT.

48.—GEORGE WILLIAM SHANKLIN.

See Gil's letter printed below.

49.—JOHN GILBERT SHANKLIN.

EVANSVILLE, June 14, 1882.

MY DEAR CLASSMATES:

Since I prematurely severed my connection with old Kenyon, I have never revisited its classic shades. The fifth and tenth anniversaries have come and gone, and now the twentieth is here, and again the inexorable decree of circumstances arises to hold me here, who would fain take the wings of morning and fly to the companionship of those who have gathered to rekindle the old friendships, and to recount the events that have come to each one since we shook hands and said good-bye around the ivy that was planted twenty years ago. An autobiographical sketch must be done with address, or it may seem egotistical when it is only intended to be confidential. The fact, that I have been remembered all these years, is a proof that the old attachment, that made the Class of '62 the most envied one of our time, still unites its members with a sympathy that distance cannot divide, and I therefore write to you frankly of myself, and what the years have brought to me. After a course of law in the office of my brother-in-law, John M. Harlan, who then lived at Frankfort, Kentucky, and who is now an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, I was admitted to the bar of this, my native city, and began the practice of law early in 1863. It was most uncongenial to my tastes, and, after two years of experiment, I went to Europe in 1865, traveled extensively over the continent, and finally settled down to study in the fine old city of Brunswick, where I devoted myself to

the German language, with a view to matriculating as a citizen of the University of Berlin, which I did early in 1867. Here I remained three terms, returning home in 1868, after an absence of about three years and a half. Finding my brother George, proprietor of the *Daily Courier*, I became associated with him in the publishing business, to which I have devoted my energies since, at least during the greater part of the time. In 1870, I was nominated by the Democratic county convention for the Legislature, but the county being hopelessly Republican, I was defeated with the rest of the ticket. In 1878, I was nominated for Secretary of State, and elected. After serving two years, I was nominated for re-election; but it was not the Democratic year in Indiana, so I returned to Evansville, and again mounted the tripod. On June, 14th, 1879, three years ago to-day, I was married to Gertrude Arms Avery, a daughter of Mr. B. F. Avery, of Louisville, Ky., and in June of the following year a daughter was born to us, whose name is Susanna Avery.

These are the main incidents of my career, which has not been so eventful as to be remarkable; and yet, my life has been as free from misfortunes and as full of enjoyments as are given to the lot of most men. My brother George is still a bachelor, and lives with me. We have never been separated, except during the years I was abroad, and often in our leisure hours we beguile the time with recollections of the jolly days we spent at old Kenyon. How I should love to be with you in reality, as I shall be in thought and feeling, at this re-union! I can hear the campus ring with the shouts of those who forget that they are men, surrounded by the scenes and friends of twenty years ago. All the old haunts will be revisited, and the spirits of departed companions invoked as the pipes are lighted and the glasses filled, and memory is allowed an unchallenged sway. I can see it and feel it all in imagination, and I raise my voice with yours in the chorus, "*Vive la re-union, vive la compagnie*" !!!

Very sincerely your friend and classmate,

J. G. SHANKLIN.

50.— JACOB STAMP, M. D.

Is dead.

51.—MARCUS JAMES STAMP.

All we know of Mark is that he is living somewhere in Colorado.

52.—WALTER SCOTT STARK.

Not heard from.

53.—JOSEPH ROCKWELL SWAN, Jr.

The following letter has been received from Joe.:

75 Genesee St., Utica, N. Y., June 1, 1882.

My Dear Blake:

Your esteemed favor of the 21st of April came duly to hand, and I have delayed answering it in the hope of being able to answer affirmatively your very kind invitation to join in the re-union of the old Class of '62. I find, however, that my engagements will be such as to render it impossible for me to be with you on an occasion that I can well imagine will have its sad, as well as its happy features.

Nothing, I can assure you, would give me greater pleasure than to once more see the familiar faces, which, twenty years ago, met daily on the campus and in the class room—to hear the story which each must have to tell of twenty years experience—to know where each has drifted, and through what paths each has wandered. But what cannot, cannot be, and I am compelled to submit to the deprivation.

My kindest regards and remembrances remain with each one of you, and when you meet, I hope you will give a kindly thought to your absent classmate. Very Truly Yours,

J. R. SWAN, Jr.

54.—THE REV. THOMAS ORKNEY TONGUE.

And here is a letter from Tongue, who, by his absence, has richly earned the title "*Lapsus Linguæ*":

Greenport, Suffolk Co., N. Y., June 15, 1882.

My Dear Fred:

Your kind letters have all been received. I have been waiting to see if I could make arrangements to go to Ohio. I cannot

begin to tell you how much I would *love* to go and see the dear old boys once more, and visit my old college acquaintances. I fear, however, I shall not be able to leave home. I have an invalid wife and a large family, who require my constant care. If I find I can come, I will notify you at the last hour. It may be that I shall come without any notice at all, as I may not know till the hour I start that I can come at all.

At all events, I will send you a picture and a letter, and if the pictures and letters of the dear fellows are to be had, I *must have* them. Remember me most affectionately to the "committee" and others.

Yours as fresh and warm in love and respect as ever,

TONGUE.

55.—PHILEMON BEECHER VAN TRUMP.

Nothing heard from him whom good Prof. Trimble used to call "Trumps" for short.

56.—JOHN RANDOLPH VANCE, A. B.

Not heard from.

57.—MATTHEW LOUIS WILSON, A. B.

Died the year after graduation.

58.—THE REV. WILLIAM EDWARD WRIGHT, A. M., B. D.

Wright was on hand, and gave his record, as follows: Is a married man and the father of five boys and three girls, one of whom is in Paradise. Rectus is Rector of St. John's Church, Warsaw, Wisconsin, and Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Masons and Chapter of the State.

After the within record was finished, and the moistened eyes and aching hearts over our dead classmates had once again been restored, the thanks of the Class were unanimously tendered to Fred Blake, for his efforts in making this re-union successful. At this juncture, the door of the mysterious closet was opened, and an old-fashioned college boys' lunch was brought out for our refreshment. It is unnecessay here to give the bill of fare, suffice it to say,

it was not printed either upon sweet-scented and cream-tinted paper or satin; there was no necessity of such extravagance: the provision was good, and the quantity was amply sufficient for our needs. The only thing we missed was some of Madame Sawyer's oyster stew, concerning which, dear old Perry used to say, there were always "*ten stews to one oyster.*" This hour of refreshment was rapidly passed, interspersed, as it was, with story and song. The President then called the Class to order, and Fred Blake read the following poem:

Dear Classmates, as we gather here to-day,
To talk of those scenes, long since passed away,
My thoughts turn toward a fountain fair, which stands,
A graceful figure, with out-stretched hands,
Through which the water glides unconsciously
To join tides flowing to the far-off sea.
For so it seems, *we* "take no note of time,"
As the years drop into that gulf sublime,
Where all the past lies buried out of sight,
Save that which recollection brings to light.
Can it be twenty years since we were boys,
And shared each other's college cares and joys?
Can it be twenty years since "sixty-two,"
Bade each other a last, sad, fond adieu?
Can it be twenty years since our old Class
Out of the shelter of the port did pass,
Each man to steer his own bark through life's sea,
Toward that bright haven, where he fain would be?
As backward on those years we turn our sight,
How few their number seems, how swift their flight.
'Tis true, full twelve score months have sped away
Since we were parted on Commencement day;
But now, how like a dream their course appears;
Or, like the strange mirage, which, when one nears,
Dissolves in thinest air and leaves no trace
Of all the objects which seemed not in space.
Time may have written wrinkles on each brow,
And gray hairs may have come, we scarce know how;
Care may have rested heavily on all,
While striving to respond to duty's call;
Each man has taken up his work in life,
And thrown himself into its ceaseless strife;
Grief may have cast a shadow o'er the heart;
We may have learned how hard it is to part
With some dear loved one of our heart and home;
We may have found how sad it is to roam

Far from our kindred and our dearest friends;
That keen disappointment which oft attends
Men's efforts, may have fallen to our lot,
And even now a dropping tear may blot
The mental page, on which we strive to trace
Features of classmates, who have run their race.
Yet, e'en though it must be with moistened eye,
We gaze on visions of the days gone by,
For a short time, we will be boys again,
And lay aside the thoughts and cares of men;
We'll sing old songs and bring from out our store
Strange tales and merry jests of days of yore.
Ah, happy days! on which the glow of youth
Rests, like a halo round the brow of truth!
Feign would we turn to live again those hours,
Which once we spent within these classic bowers!
Nor is that so difficult as 'twould seem,
We have but to yield to a waking dream,
And lo, we stand in that familiar land,
Where once we dwelt, a jolly student band;
We have not yet passed the sophomore stage,
Though our "sheep skins" have grown yellow with age;
Though close our studies and prolonged our quest,
Our wisdom is but foolishness, at best.
We may sit and blink like owls in the day,
With a show of learning make display,
But each in his heart owns himself a fool,
And longs to be back again at that school,
Where, though he may "poney" and "stuff" and "cram,"
He knows there is no use to play the sham;
The eyes of students transfix with a look,
And read a man through like an open book;
We had best, therefore, cast off all disguise,
And own in "bliss 'tis jolly to be wise."
As stiff old horses, when they are turn'd out,
Kick up their heels and prance and run about,
So let us act like youngsters once again,
Forgetting our office, study, and pen;
And let the youth that is within us still
Come forth and gambol on this classic Hill;
Let him shout and sing and swear by *that* Class,
(Such as ne'er was and never shall be, alas);
Let him bubble over with fun and laughter,
Raising his voice until floor and rafter
Ring with the sound of his jubilant glee,
Till care is dislodged and gloomy thoughts flee,
And the worn toiler is as light-hearted
As on that day when our Class departed

From Alma Mater's halls, to make its way
Where there is so much work and little play.
None but a Cynic will seek to deride,
Because we are not staid and dignified;
Surely no one need dissolve in tears,
Because, for a time forgetting our years,
We seem to drink of that fabled fountain,
Which flows forth from mythical mountain,
And renews the youth of him who shall first
Discover its source and slacken his thirst.
And as the mountain climber, with spell-bound eyes,
Looks on the fair scene which beneath him lies,
So let us turn to feast our longing sight
On scenes, mid which we mingled with delight.
True, I do not possess the poet's art;
I cannot touch, with strange, mystic power,
Those golden springs which lie within the heart;
Nor with influence, like summer's shower,
Refresh the drooping soul and with new life
Revive the spirit, as with longing dreams,
It turns away from wearing toil and strife
To seek for rest amid these well-known scenes.
I cannot backward turn the wheels of time,
And with a firm but gentle touch restore
That living presence, whose memories chime
Within us still, and shall ring forever more;
But, perchance, words may come, which shall recall
Records of hours gone down the slope of time,
Over which we would not cast oblivion's pall,
But rescue, though it be in halting rhyme.
The living present hides the past from sight,
And drowns, with its loud din and noisy talk,
That still voice, which, murmuring with delight,
Steals, like an echo, down the quiet walk,
Where recollection moves with stately pace,
In pensiveness recalling many a scene,
O'er which she lingers with a smiling face,
As fancy re-enacts it on the green.
Let us then listen for her voice to-day,
And as we gather in this dear old hall,
Turn our eyes and thoughts completely away
From life's corroding cares, and let them fall
On those days of yore, when, as students still,
We all played our parts on this mimic stage,
And dreamed that through study and classroom drill
Each was making his mark on wisdom's page.
It was, indeed, a vain and foolish dream,

Fading out like a spark from life's swift train ;
But not for naught, as to some ling'ring theme,
Which sings within the wrapt musician's brain,
Turn we again to those old student days,
Feeling that through glimpses from dream land chime
Come strength to work in our respective ways,
That duty which the true man owes to time.
We lift the curtain from the shadowy past,
As doves to the window the visions fly,
Of former friends, whose lots in life are cast,
Remote from those in which our duties lie.
Again, we seem to hear each well-known voice,
To see each well-known form engaged in play ;
To listen mutely, while our hearts rejoice
To the sweet converse of that early day.
Upon the path 'neath maple boughs we walk,
Linked arm in arm with comrades tried and true ;
With merry jests enlivening all our talk,
Our eyes enraptured by *that* matchless view,
And when shades of evening drop gently round,
Strains of music, which to the night belong,
Seem to rise up as from the very ground,
The old hill re-echoing with our song.
Near banks, through which Kokosing's waters flow,
We stretch at full length on the springing grass,
Watching, with half-shut eyes, the changing show
Of clouds, in fleecy form or solid mass ;
Or turning from those fleets, which sail the sky,
We launch upon the tide some dream-land boat,
Freighted with many a wish or hope or sigh,
Which perish with the bark in which they float.
Then, as the humor changes, like the cloud,
We shake off the dull torpor of the dream,
And swell the number of that merry crowd,
Plunging and splashing in the sparkling stream ;
Then, clothed again, we take our homeward way,
Through rustling corn or nodding golden grain,
Across those fields where now the students play
'Mid echoes of the swiftly flying train.
Ah ! In those dear old days, when we were boys,
No whistle breaks the stillness of the air,
Nor rumbling train, with loud, discordant noise,
Disturbs the silence of our evening prayer.
The bustling, struggling world seems far away,
And, like old monks within their cloister shade,
We dream not by night, nor picture by day,
Changes so great as time has made.

Enough for us, that from some window height,
We may look out upon those twinkling stars,
Which like a crown bedeck the brow of night,
And through clouds of smoke from gleaming cigars,
Discuss themes too deep for feeble powers,
Till the vain argument ends in a jest,
Or the near approach of the wee small hours
Bids us cease our chatter and go to rest.
It seems we can scarce have shut up our eyes,
When rudely on our slumbering ear there breaks
A sound, at which we start up in surprise,
As the bed trembles and the window shakes
'Neath the vibrations of the swinging bell,
Which calls us up at an unearthly hour,
To shake off quickly our sweet, drowsy spell,
And scud for "prayers" through sun or shower.
Like a pistol shot, we are out of bed,
Uncertain whether 'tis the sun or moon
Which shines on our frouzy, disheveled head,
As we pull the leg of a pantaloon,
Or tug at the strap of a stubborn boot,
Declaring, "Dear, me! it can't be morning!"
Though striving hard to be ready to shoot
When the bell rings out its notes of warning.
Perhaps, in our haste, we can't find our coat,
So catching up quick some wrap from our couch,
We leap down the stairs like a mountain goat,
Or Indian brave, in blanket and pouch,
And mingle with those in the streaming rout,
Who, with garments hung on, they know not how,
Lift up the cry, "String out! string out!! string out!!!"
To hear, "Too late; ye cannot enter now."
Then, as horses defeated in a race,
With blankets drawn across our heaving breasts,
With drooping heads and slow, dejected pace,
We turn away to seek our coat, and vests:
And when "Prexy" asks us for our excuse,
Struggling most manfully to seem composed,
Seeking to look subjected to abuse,
We answer shortly, "We were indisposed!"
None, who recall those morning devotions,
Which called us out twenty minutes of seven,
Can now retain any lingering notions,
They were thereby brought much nearer to heaven.
That dim sepulchral light, that awful chill,
Which filled the place where we met for prayer,
Was enough to cause one, against his will,

If pious to groan, if wicked to swear.
We congratulate, therefore, each student,
Who before morning prayer never breaks his bread,
On a change so plainly wise and prudent,
As to call for no proof under that head.
And we thank again those friends in the East,
Who have built us that lovley house of prayer,
Whose beauty is a perpetual feast,
Whose chimes fall sweetly on the quiet air.
But the present use of those college chimes
Is to bid me cut short these prolix rhymes,
Rest the machine from its tedious grind,
And give others a chance to speak their mind.
"A few more words, then," (as we preachers say)
Of exhortation, and we shall give way
To wiser men, whose eloquent address,
May tell what we vainly sought to express.
Like the old man of the sea, so to speak,
Sticks in our memories that bit of Greek
DI AGONAS KATA NIKAS—motto
Half prophetic, as our histories show;
The first clause experience has explained;
To the second, we have not yet attained.
As the acts of our lives pass in review,
Their struggles are many, their triumphs few.
But we will not despond, nor seek to shun
That work in life which is yet to be done.
Though the visions of youth have faded away,
Like bright morning stars at the break of day,
And hopes we cherished are lost in night,
Never again to come forth to the light,
There is work to do e're our life is past,
Which should bring us inward peace at the last.
And a joy sweeter than the fairest gleam
That brightened the face of our youthful dream.
Alma Mater looks to each loyal son,
To assist her until that work is done
Which shall fill her waiting and outstretched arms,
And adorn with new jewels her many charms;
Until all her rooms shall be full of boys,
Who add to her cares and increase her joys,
Until she no longer knows what to do,
Like "the old woman who lived in the shoe."
Alma Mater! we pledge thee our support,
Where e're we roam, with whom we may consort.
We would not seem ungrateful for thy care,
But of thy burdens gladly bear our share;
Our earnest love for thee shall ne'er grow cold,

How ever far we wander from thy fold ;
For as the years go rolling swiftly by,
That shall but grow the stronger till we die.
Happy were the days we spent with thee,
Learning lessons of wisdom at thy knee,
Sporting in the light of thy gracious face,
Following thy footsteps as thou dids't trace
That mazy path which leads to learning's seat.
Would that we could recall those years—so fleet—
Which have hastened away since in our youth,
Thou feddest us with wholesome bread of truth !
But all such wishes are foolish and vain,
And generally end in regret and pain ;
Though we sometimes long to he young again,
Far better it is that we are men,
With stout heart and hand, toiling in that spot
Where it pleased Providence to cast our lot
To spend and be spent for others' good,
Sustained by the thought of our brotherhood.
Then, by those fair, bright visions of the past,
Which crowd themselves upon us thick and fast,
By the memories of those vanished years,
Whose echoes fall on our listening ears,
By the glowing delight which thrills our frames,
As old friendships burst again into flames ;
By our thoughts of those now lying asleep
Where the myrtle blooms and the willows weep,
Oh, brothers ! let us pledge ourselves anew,
In Kenyon's interest, ever to be true
To those noble lessons which she has taught,
And in each succeeding action and thought,
So to carry out that which she has begun,
That our life's work may indeed be well done ;
Then, when our sun shall near its going down,
Our faith shall behold a heavenly crown.

It is needness to say that this contribution to the pleasure of the evening was thoroughly appreciated, and that the boys, with accustomed unanimity and heartiness, gave a solid vote of thanks.

In the old Secretary's book was found, (besides the "*Pledge*," the history of which will probably always be a little nauseous to every man) a song, written by that noble, enthusiastic and whole-souled classmate, Edward Bates. Doty led off on the verses, and the whole Class joined in the chorus with tremendous effect. We here reproduce the song for the benefit of those who were not present :

SONG BY EDWARD BATES.

Oh, we deemed it perfectly right, sir,
On a certain Monday night, sir,
For the Sophies to unite, sir,
From class to stay away,
CHORUS:
Oh! its the way we have at old Kenyon!

The tale was quickly told, sir,
Concerning a deed so bold, sir,
And how our Prof. was sold, sir,
When the Sophies stayed away.
[Chorus.]

Prexy was awfully mad, sir,
His face looked tearfully sad, sir;
He said 'twas terribly bad, sir,
From class to stay away,
[Chorus.]

In solemnity they met, sir,
And concluded they would let, sir;
The Sophomores regret, sir,
That from class they stayed away.
[Chorus.]

Some wrote out explanations,
Others interpretations,
To break up our combinations,
From class to stay away.
[Chorus.]

But our honor we could not kill, sir,
By signing the President's bill, sir;
Our trunks we'd rather fill, sir,
And homeward wend our way.
[Chorus.]

They were under a fatal delusion,
When they thought without confusion,
To enforce their resolution.
"Sign, or go away!"
[Chorus.]

The pledge we cannot obey, sir;
It don't mean what they say, sir;
They explained it all away, sir,
For fear we would not stay
[Chorus.]

The pledge has winged its flight, sir—
Has departed out of sight, sir;
Once more we may unite, sir,
From class to stay away.
[Chorus.]
It met a mysterious fate, sir;
Its form we cannot relate, sir;
We are simply allowed to state, sir,
From life it has passed away.
CHORUS:
Oh! it's the way we have at old Kenyon!

The early hour of morning was by this time breaking upon us —reluctantly, therefore, we were forced to an adjournment—not, however, before receiving a cordial invitation from Mrs. Dr. Blake to dine with her on the morrow, which was gratefully accepted.

On motion, the two Secretaries were asked to print all the proceedings of the meeting, and the letters from absent classmates. There was a very decided expression of the determination to meet again in five years from that day, and this took form in a vote that when we adjourn to-morrow, it shall be to reassemble at old Kenyon June 28th, 1887. The Class then left the east wing, formed arm in arm, and marched through the Campus. We thus greeted the "dawn of the morrow" in the old songs once so dear to us—but now far dearer; for they come to us laden with most precious reminiscences of our happy college life.

Wednesday morning found us all in the Church of the Holy Spirit, where we joined in a very animated service, which preceded the Commencement exercises. Again we walked in the procession to Ross Hall, and were honored with seats upon the platform. After the exercises were over, we wandered around the old familiar place, and finally found ourselves at the residence of Mrs. Dr. Blake, where we were received with a royal welcome, and sat down to a table spread with a delicious and generous dinner.

A unanimous vote of thanks to Mrs. Blake, was the last act of the feast, after which, we spent the time upon the piazza and lawn, where our photographs were duly taken. Doty had with him a good many relics in the shape of photographs of students during our college life, papers, bore bills, etc., etc. He brought out good old Prof. Trimble's examination paper for the "spring term of 1861"—"Junior Class"—"Plato's apology"—Twelve questions

were asked. The result of this second examination we shall not print; we leave it to the boys, who were not on the spot, to imagine who of us old fellows went to the head.

But the end of the re-union had come, and the boys very reluctantly adjourned. We, however, were cheered in the hope of another meeting on the Hill, June 28th, 1887.

WM. D'ORVILLE DOTY,
Secretary.

A. F. BLAKE,
Corresponding Secretary.

WM. M. POSTLETHWAITE,
President.

Since we adjourned, the Secretary has sent the following letter to every absent member of the Class, with what success, the volume now in your hands will exhibit:

CINCINNATI, July 20, 1882.

MY DEAR CLASSMATE:

Eleven members of "'62" met in re-union at Gambier, June 28th. Their meeting was delightful, and will be long remembered. It is proposed to issue a pamphlet containing an account of the re-union, the letters received, a poem read on the occasion, a photograph of those present, etc., ete. We desire to make the record as full as possible. If you have not done so, will you not send some account of yourself, and, if possible, about two dozen unmounted photos., to be inserted in the pamphlet? They may be sent to Mr. U. D. Cole, Rushville, Ind., who will publish the book, and to bear all of the expense. I shall be glad to receive any communication you may be pleased to send, and to see that you get a copy of the book.

Fraternally Yours,
A. F. BLAKE, Sec'y.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 029 949 943 1